

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

A Fawcett Publication

Monte Hale

WESTERN

MAR.
10¢
NO. 58



MONTE MEETS THE MINSTREL MAN
IN THE VERSE OF DEATH

*Plus
Gabby
Hayes*





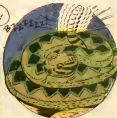






I'VE GOT TO
KEEP HALL
FROM HEARING
THAT RATTLE!

WITH A TEN DOLLAR HORSE
AND A FORTY DOLLAR SADDLE!
I'M ON MY WAY PUNCHING
LONGHORN CATTLE!



AT THE LAST
MOMENT...

I'LL JUST GET DOWN
THIS TERRAPIN AND—
WHAT THE...
A SNAKE!

COME A TI TI
YIPPI YIPPI
YAY!



I'LL JUMP
CLEAR AND
DASH...

BANG!

BANG!



HOW I KNOW WHO YOU WERE
BYING SO LOUD, MONSTER.
BANG! TRYING TO COVER
THE SOUND OF THAT
RATTLE, EH?

THAT'S WHAT
SNAKE HAD
BEEN A SECOND
FASTER!



NEXT DAY THEY
TOOK THROUGH
DEATH VALLEY
AGAIN...

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ON
GOING UNTIL WE LOCATE
THAT GANG THAT BOKE
AWAY FROM THE KILL-
ING—OR UNTIL YOU
REMEMBER THE VERGE
THAT MAY LEAD
US TO THEM.





HEARING CLEM CLAIBORNE TALK MADE ME REMEMBER THE LAST VERSE OF THE SONG ABOUT THE ROLL-UP! I'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR A HIGH ROLL—OR CLIFF! IF I WERE HARD, I CAN GET THERE AHEAD OF MONTE HALL!



SOON THE HANGOVER MAN SAYS WHAT HE IS SEARCHING FOR!

THERE IT IS—A TOWERING KNOLL! THE SANG MUST BE THERE BY NOW!



AT THE KNOLL!

WE'VE ALMOST GOT THIS BIG ROCK LOOSE! FROM WHAT CLAIBORNE SAID THE TREASURELL BE UNDERNEATH!

KEEP BRACING! NO! LOOM! SOME ONE'S BEING TOWARD YOU!



DON'T GLOAT! I'VE COME TO WARN YOU! MONTE HALL IS FOLLOWING YOUR TRAIL! HE'LL BE RIDING THIS WAY IN A FEW MINUTES!

ALONG THE WAY SHY THINGS AUSTER, LET'S SET A TRAP FOR HIM, BOYS!



GET BEHIND THOSE BIG CACTUS PLANTS! AND STAY UNDER COVER ON THE CLIFF! NO HALL WON'T SEE YOU!

RIGHT! AND WHEN HE COMES SAGGING UP WE'LL CUT HIM IN HALF!



REARVIEW!

TOO BAD THAT CLEM CLAIBORNE COULDN'T TELL ME THE LOCATION OF THE BURIED TOWN! LOST BECAUSE HE DID! I'VE GOT TO MOVE SLOWLY TO FOLLOW THESE HOOFPRINTS!



HOLD ON! THE PRINTS SEEM TO HEAD FOR THAT CLIFF AHEAD—AND I CAN'T SEE THEM, GOING THAT IT!









CAPTIVE'S RETURN

A Gray Hawk Story

By Dick Kraus

GRAY HAWK'S youthful face fell in disappointment. "But father," he said, "I have hunted and trapped for these pelts for many moons." With his hand, he indicated a large bale of furs that lay against the tapestap. "I wish to trade them to the white men at Fort Blossum! What harm is there?"

His father, Gray Eagle, shook his head gravely. "Much harm," he returned. "Do you not know that there is trouble between our people and the white farmers near Fort Blossum? It is because of the work of two Indians—both outlaws! Bad Crow and Red Snake are evil men, and they have been raiding and robbing the farms around the fort?"

"But what has that to do with me?" asked Gray Hawk. "I mean no harm to the white men."

His father shook his head again. "The white men have brought in a new regiment, with a new commander! Their chief is named Colonel Forsby, and it is said that he is a man who loves Indians! All he wants is an excuse to smoke the pipe of war, to march on us and make war!"

"For this reason," Gray Eagle said, "none of our people will be permitted to go near the white man's fort until Bad Crow and Red Snake are captured and punished for their crimes."

It was his father's decision, and Gray Hawk would not question it! But, as he walked away through the forest, he kicked angrily at a rotting log. "Those thieves!" he exclaimed. "Bad Crow and Red Snake . . . they even steal from their own people. And because of them, the wife may be punished by this Colonel Forsby! It is bad!"

Hardly thinking of where he was going, Gray Hawk trotted through the forest. Finally, still wondering, he looked with surprise at a long slope that lay past a fringe of white birch trees.

"Why," he muttered to himself, "this is close to the fort!" He stared down through the underbrush at the fort and parade ground that could

be seen past it. There, drilling on the sun-baked field, he could make out a number of soldiers. They were marching and riding in military formations. Past them, Gray Hawk saw other blue-clad soldiers firing on a rifle range.

"And they say that this Colonel Forsby hates my people," he mused. "If anything happens to make him angry, it will indeed be a sad day for the Ojapi!"

As he watched, Gray Hawk's keen eyes suddenly caught a flicker of movement in the field, far up from the fort. Holding his hand high, to shield his gaze from the sun, he watched the waving grass.

"Crawling through it," he hushed to himself. "Two men . . . and a boy!"

He caught his breath—for he recognized the men!

"It is Bad Crow and Red Snake!" he gasped. "They have a sack with them, and that is a white youth they have with them. He is gagged and his wrists are tied!"

Cold sweat broke out on Gray Hawk's forehead as he realized what must have happened. The two Indian outlaws not caring what punishment might be visited on the Ojapi tribespeople for their crimes, had raided a farm down in the valley! Evidently, as they had been filling their sack with loot from the house, this youth had come along! To prevent his giving them away, they had overpowered him, and were now carrying him off into the forest.

Gray Hawk's face set in determination. "No!" he vowed grimly to himself. "If they escape, and word of this reaches the new colonel, he will order an attack on our village! Many of the Ojapi will be slain—for something that is not their fault!"

He had to cut off Bad Crow and Red Snake! Swiftly he began to run through the forest. Soon Gray Hawk came to a tall, hollow tree—

the spot where he had cacked his fire, when his father told him not to go to Fort Slocum with them.

Hesitating for a moment, he tilted them to his shoulder and sprang behind the tree. Through the forest, perhaps a hundred yards away, he could barely make out the two outlaws and their captive. They were moving toward him, following a trail that would strike deep into the forest.

Determining his plan of action, Gray Hawk raced ahead of them, flitting from tree to tree, until he was deep in the forest. Then, untying the bundle of furs, he scattered them singly along the trail until they led to a giant oak that towered above the lesser trees. He deposited the remainder of the pelts at the base of this tree. Then, holding a single huge bearskin, he clambered up the oak.

Perched on a broad limb, high above the ground, he waited. In his hands was the heavy bearskin.

Soon, hurrying along the trail, he saw Red Crow and Red Snake, urging their captive along with them. Suddenly, as they saw the furs lying on the trail, both of the outlaws stopped short. Eagerly, they tilted it and stuffed it into their sack. But then, seeing "another—and another—they took these up in their arms. Following the trail of furs that Gray Hawk had laid, they moved slowly toward the tree! And, as they moved, they laughed to each other. "Game careless hawks has left these on the trail," Red Snake chuckled. "He will not see them again!" returned Red Crow.

When they reached the base of the tree where Gray Hawk waited, both of them knelt to gather up the remaining pelts.

Gray Hawk tensed. Now was the time!

Uttering a piercing shriek, he launched himself from the limb, the bearskin spread out wide! As he plummeted down through the air, the huge bear skin served to slow up his fall! But it did not slow it up too much! For he had jumped at a target . . . and he hit that target,

both feet clamping hard against the backs of the kneeling outlaws!

Grunting in astonishment, they slumped forward to the ground! Before they could recover, Gray Hawk threw the wide bearskin over them! They struggled desperately, but, catching up the long thing that he had used to bind the hals before, he wound it quickly about them before they could escape! Then, springing backward, the son of the Otagi chief drew an arrow from his quiver, fixed it to his bowstring, and shouted to his enemies.

"Stand up!" he ordered. "Do not attempt to flee—or to throw the bearskin off, or I will shoot. And I will not miss!"

Turning to the youth at his side, Gray Hawk said softly. "Do not worry, my friend. You are safe again. Now we are going to take these bad men to Fort Slocum . . ."

THAT night, Gray Hawk fixed his father across the council fire. Standing there, dim and moist, the youth suddenly bowed his head.

"My father," he said, "you told me not to go after the white man's fort! But I was forgetful and curious, and I wandered there."

The chief of the tribe smiled.

"You did not need to tell me," he said. "A messenger has already come from the fort telling us what you did. Speak, my son, did you know who that white youth was—the captive you released?"

Gray Hawk shook his head, bewildered. "A boy from some farm," he replied. "Why?"

Gray Eagle put his hand on his son's shoulder.

"No," he said. "He was the son of Colonel Forsby . . . his only son! By saving him, you have made a friend of the man who would have been our enemy! You have done a great thing for your people this day, Gray Hawk!"

THE END

*Follow the adventures of GRAY HAWK
in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.*



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MAKE A LATCH for the lid this way: Put two strips of tape on the box as shown, then put a strip on the lid, doubling over the end to use as a tab.



SECURE your Treasure Chest with various items together—twine, rags, needles, dolls, boxes of trinkets, cellophane tape will hold 'em in place.

QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT - 4 CORRECT, GOOD
3 CORRECT, FAIR - 2 CORRECT, POOR

- ① **HOW MANY HOURS** has existed for the most street-dance in one season?
True —
False —



- ② **FACTORY** is many names for automobile which is all of the time only means one.
True —
False —



- ③ **MARIGOLDS** are one of the best most popular flowers in the U.S.
True —
False —



- ④ **A JERSEY** is a Jersey.
True —
False —



- ⑤ **CORRECT** was the last word to appear in the Constitution.
True —
False —



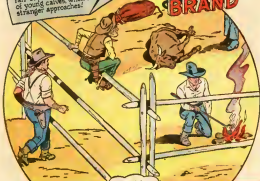
ANSWERS:

① True ② False ③ True ④ True ⑤ True

GABBY HAYES

Gabby Hayes, intrepid foreman of the Bar Nothing ranch, is fearlessly sitting on a corral rail supervising the branding of young calves when a stranger approaches!

and the FAKE BRAND



HOWDY, MR. JONES! I'M BIGGER GABBY YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR. I JUST BOUGHT THE NEXT DOOR RANCH.

I'M RIGHT PROUD TO MEET YOU, BIGGER GABBY!



I SEE YOU'RE BRANDING. I'VE JUST HAD SOME BRANDING DONE ALONG WITH MY INITIALS ON THEM.



SUDDENLY, THE PLACID CONVERSATION IS INTERRUPTED!!

LOOK OUT! THAT BULL CALP BUSTED THE ROPE!

WATCH OUT! HE'S ACTING LOOPY!

STAND ASIDE, BOYS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CRITTER!





GABBY LEADS HIM BUT NOTHING CREW ON A MUSTLER,
WENT THROUGH THE BADLANDS...BUT IN VAIN!

GABBY RIDES SLOWLY, SO DEEP IN THOUGHT
THAT THE OTHERS MOON OUTDISTANCE HIM!





MONTE HALE'S Cowboy Songs



he frontier cowboy for all his rough ways, was often a deeply religious man at heart. Often as he loaded cattle or camped at night beneath the prairie skies, he would sing songs telling of his abiding faith. Such a song known throughout the West, was "Rounded Up in Glory." Monte Hale sings it for you now. —

ROUNDED UP IN GLORY

ROUNDED UP IN GLORY

I've been thinking today as I wander,
Through the hills and 'neath the desert sky,
As you ride across the plain,
With the sunshine and the rain,
You'll be rounded up in glory by-and-by.

You'll be rounded up in glory by-and-by,
You'll be rounded up in glory by-and-by,
When the calling time is o'er,
And you will stampede no more,
When He rounds you up within The Master's Fold.





WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S BUBBLE GUM CAN'T BE BEAT!

1¢

FLEER'S BUBBLE GUM
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OLD SLICK

BIG TALK!



MONTY HALL

**BATTLES
THE
HUMAN
FORT!**



"When the Human Fort rode the murder trail, it looked as if Monte Hall had met his match! But the big cowboy was determined to find a crack in the Human Fort's armor!"

ONE DAY IN FRONT OF CHICKEN-HEAD...

YOUR TERN IS UP, FOUNDER! MONTE AND I GOTTA WISH YOU LUCK!

THANKS, BARNEN! AND THANKS YOU, HALL! YOU PUT ME BEHIND BARN, SO YOU'RE ENTITLED TO WATCH ME GO FREE!



THANKS, FOUNDER, YOU'LL STOP FREE ONLY IF YOU GO STRAIGHT! WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO ON THE OUTSIDE?

WELL, I LEARNED BLACK-SMITHING HERE AT CHICKEN-HEAD! SO I KNOW I'LL BECOME A BLACK-SMITH!



THERE HE GOES, MONTE! AND FOUNDER! ONE OF THE WORST OUTLAWS YOU EVER CAPTURED! BUCKEN HELL, OTHER CLEARS OF CRIME?

I SURE HOPE SO, BARNEN!









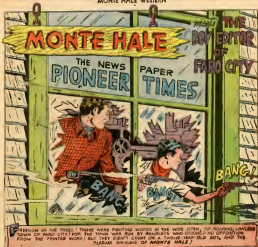






















"I'VE BEEN THINKING
IT OVER, MONTE! WE
WASN'T ANY RIGHT
TO COMPLAIN ABOUT
THE LAW ENFORCEMENT
IN HARD CITY."

"WHAT? YOU
HAVEN'T TURNED
YELLOW ON ME,
HAVE YOU,
GRANT?"



"NO! BUT YOU'RE JUST
SAVING A RAPID HERE
BECAUSE YOU LIKE TO
FIGHT! AND I'M NOT GOING
TO HELP YOU STAY UP
TROUBLE ANOTHER
PEACEABLE FOLK
ANY LONGER!"

"WELL, I'LL BE SHOT
FOR A CONFESSION!
YOUR DAD WOULD BE
WASN'T SURPRISED
TO HEAR YOU TALK
LIKE THIS."



"JUST THE NAME, I'M
EDITOR HERE NOW!
AND I'M PRINTING A
RETRIBUTION OF THOSE
LIES THEY'VE BEEN
TELLING PEOPLE!
IT'S ALREADY SET
AND READY TO
BE PRINTED!"

"HAVE IT
YOUR
OWN WAY,
GRANT!"



"YOU CAN EDIT
THE PAPER ANY
AND YOU LIKE!
I'LL MONEY OUT
ON THIS STAMP
FOR GOOD!"

"GOODBYE,
GRANT!
NO HARD
FEELINGS?"



"PLENTY OF HARD FEELINGS!
BUT THERE'S NOTHING MORE
I CAN DO HERE!
ADIOS!"



"A FEW SECONDS LATER, IN THE REAR ROOM OF
THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE..."

"MONTE HALE'S GONE?
I DID JUST WHAT
YOU TOLD ME!"

"WE HEARD YOU,
GRANT! ONE MORE WORD
AND WE'D HAVE PUT
ANOTHER SLID IN
YOUR DAD!"



"BUT I PROMISE THAT'S A
JOB YOU'LL HAVE TO DO
ANYWAY BECAUSE WE
DON'T NEED YOU TWO
ANY LONGER! WE CAN
PRINT THAT LAST EDITION
OURSELVES!"

"YOU DOUBLE-
CROOKING
WRECKERS ARE
GOING TO
NEVER BE!"



PRANKISH PAT

OH, OH, HERE COMES DASHED DUBBYDOO! I SUPPOSE HE'LL ASK ME A MILLION QUESTIONS 'BOUT EVERYBODY HEART ON THE RANCH! WELL, I'LL BRING HIS OUNDS!



H'YA, DUBBYDOO! I HAVE SOME SPECIAL NEWS FOR YUH 'MAHE YUH HEARD 'BOUT THE RABBIT?



THE RABBIT? NO, TELL ME!

CHUCK IT WON'T TAKE LONG ... IT'S ONLY A SHORT TAIL! HA, HA!



QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY, MARK YOURSELF AS FOLLOWING: 3 CORRECT=EXCELLENT-4 CORRECT=GOOD-5 CORRECT=FAIR-6 CORRECT=POOR

1. THOMAS FAIRBANKS' FIRST ISSUE OF "THE CROW" WAS PUBLISHED IN DEC-18, 1977.

2. ON SHIP STACK IS A FILE OF CARDS.

3. THE FIRST PAPER MONEY ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES WAS CALLED "CONTINENTAL CURRENCY" AND THE PAPER FOR IT WERE ENGRAVED BY PAUL REVERE.



4. PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT SPOKE REGULARLY TO KEEP IN GOOD PHYSICAL CONDITION.



5. WILLIAM DARRIC, ALONG WITH PAUL REVERE, MADE THAT FAMOUS MIDNIGHT RIDE ON MARCH 18, 1775.



ANSWERS

1. CORRECT 2. CORRECT 3. CORRECT 4. CORRECT 5. CORRECT

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MIPPS, PIPPS AND TWADDLE









MONTE HALE

DUDE
BAKER'S *WILD WEST RODEO*

**TACKLES
THE
RODEO
TERROR!**

THERE HE IS,
HALE! THE MENACE
BROOD THAT EVER
TRAMPELED A MAN
TO DEATH! BLACK
LIGHTNING IS HIS
NAME! / GARE TO
RIDE HIM?

I BRIGAD! I
WILL, BAKER!
STAND CLEAR!

Monte Hale has ridden many an cowboy
outlaw brood in his days of breaking
prairie ponies! But never had he
tackled a ramboring stud of dur-
mule as murderous as Black Lightning.
THE RODEO TERROR!

DUDE BAKER'S WILD WEST
RODEO HAS COME TO TOWN!
FEATURING A SPECIAL
ATTRACTION!

ARE
YOU
GOING
TODAY?

I'VE BEEN
SAVING
UP ALL
YEAR
FOR
THIS!

DUDE BAKER'S WILD WEST RODEO
Featuring a Special Attraction!
I've been saving up all year for this!
Come and see the most exciting show in town!
Don't miss it!

AT THE
RODEO
SHOWS
HIMSELF!

LOOK HERE
THREE! IT'S
MONTE HALE
HIMSELF!

HOWDY,
MONTE!
ARE YOU
GOING TO
TODAY?

IN HERE JUST
TO ENJOY MYSELF
AS A SPECTATOR!
I WANT TO SEE
THIS BLACK LIGHT-
NING I'VE HEARD
SO MUCH ABOUT!













BUMPHING, CRASHING, BUCK-BLENDING
THE DYMMER-LADEN BRONX DOES HIS
UTMOST TO UNRAVEL SCENTS!



IT DOESN'T
SEEM LIKE
ANY MAN
COULD STICK
ON THAT
SIDEWAGON!

BUT
MONTY
IS STILL
ON!



EIGHTEEN--
NINETEEN--
TWENTY
SECONDS!

RECKON THAT'S
LONG ENOUGH!
NOW TO PAY A
VISIT!!



...TO THE GENT WHO
ORGANIZED THIS
SCHEME, AND WHO
TRIED TO KILL JESSE
DAVE WHEN HE
SAW THROUGH
IT!

HALE--
YOU
ASKED
FOR
THIS!



IN FILLING
YOU FULL
OF LEAD
GAWD!

NO THANKS,
MISTER! BUT
I RECKON
WE'LL END THE
COUNTY JAIL
FULL OF
YOU!



HOLD ON, MONTY!
HERE'S NOT SURE
OF JUST WHAT
HAPPENED!

BAKER AND MORGAN HAD TWO
BLACK HORSES AND A TRUCK
CHUTE! THEY ALWAYS SWITCHER
THEM SO MORGAN RODE THE
BAY ONE-- AND THE LOCAL
RIDER THE KILLER! THEY
WAS BAKER ALWAYS
CLEANED UP ON RITS!



NOW YOU FELLOWS TAKE BACK THE
MONEY THAT BAKER WON FROM YOU!
I HOPE THIS TEACHES YOU A LES-
SON ABOUT GAMBLING! AS FOR
BURE BAKER AND GIMMIE MORGAN
-THEY'RE GOING TO JAIL!

